

Use of Cranberries.
Cranberries are abundant this year

the past, these being few and high priced this season. All fruits have medicinal value, and the cranberry acts as an anti-scorbutic. It is a blood cleanser; uric acid and heated food cooked they have a healing effect on bad humors. One cut in half and bound on a corn will cure it in one or more applications. It will be equally efficacious in the case of pimples on the face. A cooled foot bath of cranberry juice will cure foot cracks. Cranberries are too little known. Many families know it only in the form of sauce, but it may be served in many other ways. A cooling, refreshing drink may be made by boiling the berries in water, double the measure of berries. Boil until the juice has been thoroughly extracted, sweeten with

Changed His Position.
Tom Denver—Saw Tommy Davidson in the park this morning.
Ethel—Was he on horseback?
Tom Denver—Well off and on—Life.

A Post's Easy Times.
Mother—Do you mean to tell me that your husband is out half the time until after midnight?
Daughter—More than half.

"But you never scorn?"
 "Never."
 "I am amazed."
 "You forget that my husband is a poet."
 "What of that, pray?"
 "When he comes home early he always insists on reading his poems to me."—N. Y. Weekly.

She Knew What She Wanted.
 "Teacher (to class in mental arithmetic)—Now, Alice, suppose I hand you seven apples and five apples, which would you take—the seven or the five?"
 Alice—The five.

"I shall take the greatest pleasure in doing so." And after a pause she added, "I don't don't eat green peas."

The time. — Washington Star.

He Won't Go.

"Going to the chicken show, Uncle Mose?"

"No," said the old man, thoughtfully scratching his jaw: "I des nat'ral, ain't I. Iuster lak to stan' aroun' de candy shops we'en I was a pikeanin; but I is a heap too old now to go at torment myself des fer de fau of tormentin' mysef." — Indianapolis Journal.

Not Interested.

First Citizen.—There is to be a big meeting to elect a great, courageous

of the masses to devise ways and means to reform the city government, so that its affairs may be administered with strict economy. Come along.

Second Citizen—Um—P'd rather not. Fact is, I am after an office myself.—*NY Weekly.*

See Him Later.

He seized her hand ecstatically:
"Fair naid whom I adore,
Queen of my soul, my life, my hope,
the mine forever more!"
She gazed into his humid eyes.
So soon to fill with sorrow:
"I'll aus my husband, sir," he said—
"We'll let you kase to-morrow."

—Kansas City Journal



"Do you and your husband attend many of the symphony concerts?"
 "No. My husband knows absolute nothing about ladies' toilets."—Flegende Blätter.

Another Version.
 The boy stood on the log walk,
 Whence all but him had slid:

and "wow-wow" went the aid
—Birmingham Republican

A Modest Beauty.

He—You are the most beautiful woman—
She—You are trying to flatter me.
He—But, indeed, it is true.
She—Oh, I know it is true, but doubted whether you really meant it.
—Indianapolis Journal.

In the Soup.

"Thank Heaven! that new face powder worked. The cockroaches have come to grief at last," said it

"Yes," assented old Peterdyer, "they
in the soup."—Alex E. Sweet, in *Texa*
Sittings.

Sowing the Wind.

"You look sweet enough to call
said Toozler's "regular company" as
took a seat opposite her.

"Well, I do eat three times a da
she said. "May be that's the reason
—Arkansaw Traveler.

An Evasive Answer.

Lady.—Col. Blownton, how many
ties were you in?

Col. Blownton.—Madam, the true
dier never boasts of his deeds.—Cl

A New Expression.

"Mrs. Flipdap is looking remarkable well."

"She ought to. Isn't she in honeymoon of her widowhood?"

Hallo.

Conclusive.

Will Askit—How old should you Miss Skinner be?

Maude Sayatt—Old enough for you to begin telling her how she is looking.—Puck.